

Chance

by WeSailShips

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Summary: One can only have so many chances.

Chance

One can only have so many chances. He knew that; he lived that once upon a time, twice, thriceâ€| He can't even remember how many times he did.

But he did.

Felt hurt so he hurt to feel less, watched on in amusement as he saw them hurt. Craved after flesh for a moment away from reality; ten minutes could've been his haven. And oh, how alive it made himâ€"seeing hearts break left and right. Using, exploiting pleasure wherever he could, that was his craft. That was his masterpiece.

He couldn't have cared less. Couldn't have given one flying fuck.

At least he used to.

Chu Ga Eul changed him though.

Not instantaneously, he was never easy. But she tried, and slowly, carefully, Ga Eul steered him towards the good that was her. And somehow along the way, he was oblivious as Ga Eul yang tasted success, unaware as he changed into a man his Hyung would've been proud of. Bit by bit, he saw the moon in her eyes, sun in her smile, and air in her heart. And really, need he say more?

His heart once belonged to a passing breeze, solely and secretly. There had been chance there, one big fat chance. And it could've been the rest of his life, a shot to a limited infinity, but fate made him cruel, made him cowardly, made him deaf to the laughter of a clandestine future. Circumstances molded him to be cold, forged him to be brutalâ€"to himself and to others both.

And maybe it was engraved too deep in him, this ruthlessnessâ€”this tendency to betray the ones he loves most. He remembers his unfaithful father, remembers his own past self, and his lips curve into a twisted smile. Yes. It was.

So he looks up towards the booth the F4 owned and smiles a charming smile, letting the women around him rub their bodies on his. Ji Hoo glances at him once in a while, always the unreadable. Woo Bin unabashedly looks down at him, literally and figuratively. Even Jun Pyo is dissatisfied. Geum Jan Di, well, he can't possibly know what kind of torture she's giving him in her own psychotic mind.

And sweet, dainty Ga Eul is up there too.

In a flesh skirt that billowed past her knee, pristine white heels, and top, she looks like someone who's attending a wedding rather than a club. Always the innocent Ga Eul yang. Always the good.

She catches him staring, does not break eye-contact. He might have rubbed off on her after all. He would've been proud had there been no pain.

But there is. So much. Too much, that no words could ever hope to describe it.

She is blank, cold and heartless.

She had learned her lesson, sunbae. Thank you very much.

End
file.